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THERE'S A MAN IN THE CASE — ONLY A LITTLE ONE, THOUGH.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 25th, 1890.—No. 694.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE THINK it would have been cheaper for President Harrison if he had bought his house at Cape May Point. It would have been cheaper even if he had paid \$50,000, or a whole year's salary as Chief Magistrate of the United States. For although the cottage is worth only twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, and although it cost Mr. Harrison not one cent, it seems to us an uncommonly costly cottage. It has cost Mr. Harrison his last poor pretensions to a dignified conception of his high office. It has cost him the respect of the few people who tried, more for the sake of the place he is in than for his own sake, to give him a respect worth having. It has cost him even the reputation for manliness which belongs to every being in trousers until he himself gets rid of it; for it is in Mrs. Harrison's name that the title-deeds are drawn, and it is behind his wife's skirts that Mr. Harrison shields himself from the imputation of accepting a gift which every consideration of self-respect and respect for his office should have moved him to refuse—and to refuse with scorn and contempt for the men who proffered it.

And the worst thing about that cottage, the thing which will probably make it most expensive to President Harrison, is the object for which it was given. Of course, when presents are given to a man in high office, who has the power to dispose of other offices, the natural assumption is that he is expected to make a return for the presents in the distribution of places. This is the view generally taken of such transactions. The Mayor of New York could have told Mr. Harrison that much. His gift of six thousand dollars, or ten thousand, or whatever it may have been, to the infant child of a political boss, has cost him more than one supporter for every dollar he spent on his godchild, and has even made it advisable for the boss to travel three thousand miles after that frequent necessity of the politician—a "vindication." But President Harrison's case is worse than his who merely rests under the suspicion of having received a present that is no better than a bid for undue and illegitimate favor. We regret to say that the transaction does not rise to this disgraceful dignity. The men

who gave President Harrison his cottage gave it to "boom" a hotel and land speculation, and that is all.

Now it is bad enough for the President of the United States to take a gift from men who want the disposal of patronage. But for our Chief Magistrate to take a gift from men who want him to act as a tout for a Summer hotel is, if not quite so bad, morally speaking, so infinitely lower and more degrading, that it is fair to tell Mr. Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, that the gift he has received from Messrs. Wanamaker, Hamilton, Drexel, and the rest, has cost him more than he ever before in his life paid out at one time.

And at least he might have had the title-deeds made out in his own name.

If the men who have built up Broadway from Bowling Green to Madison Square find that they and their business interests are of no earthly account to the members of the two houses of Congress, they have only themselves to blame for it. They are a most powerful influence in the business of this great city. The failure of a few large importing-firms would work incalculable financial disaster in every direction. A serious injury to their business would mean a serious injury to the whole banking business of New York. Now, this is one of the numerous facts which the members of the House of Representatives can not be expected to know. But there is no reason why it should not be known in that smaller body of elder men which we call the Senate. The State of New York has two representatives to enlighten their fellow-members on just such points. Our friends the importers, when they go to protest against an attempt of the lower house to play ducks and drakes with their business, find that one of their representatives is a dotard and the other a feather-headed politician, and that neither one will or can do anything for them. It is an unpleasant discovery. But—who elected the Legislature that put these two guardians of the business interests of the metropolis where they are?

We hope that House Bill No. 9197 will have a hard time in Congress. It is a product of Mr. John Wanamaker's genius, and it is admirably calculated to annoy and injure every newsdealer in the United States; as well as every reader and every publisher of periodicals. Here is the story of H. B. 9197. Under the present laws, unsold periodical publications may be returned by the newsdealer to the news agency, at the rate of 4c. per lb.; to the publishers direct at the rate of 4c. per 4 oz. This discrimination against the publishers moved some of them to protest to Mr. Wanamaker. Mr. Wanamaker at once saw the injustice of the discrimination, and, with fine intelligence, proposed to remedy it by marking up rates all round to 4c. per 4 oz. And so we have House Bill 9197. Now what will be the effect of H. B. 9197? It entails a greatly increased expense on somebody. That somebody must be the publisher, in the end. And if he is to be charged four times the present rate of postage for returned copies, he will be driven to make his paper or magazine non-returnable.

Then the newsdealer must protect himself by ordering only as many copies as he is absolutely sure he can sell. This costs him his casual trade. The man who buys his PUCK or his *Harper's Weekly*, or his *Century* or his *Scribner's* just where and when it may be convenient for him, must come early to the news-stand or book-store to get his copy; and for his purchase some belated regular customer must lose his chance. And so it gets around at last to the consumer—that poor old neglected patient animal for whose benefit nobody ever thinks of legislating.

We understand that Mr. Wanamaker defends his extraordinary bill on the ground that carrying papers is not a paying branch of the postal business. But what would become of the paying branch—letter-carrying—if it were not for the papers? What is the bulk of the letter-mail? Love-letters? If ever there was a man who built up his business by advertising, it was Mr. John Wanamaker. Does he think that his is the only business brought to great proportions by advertising in newspapers and other periodicals? Mr. Wanamaker need not be afraid that the postal-service will ever lose by affording every possible facility for the circulation of newspapers and magazines. It is only such publications as are widely read, and therefore of value to advertisers, that will trouble his mails much or long; and while these are extending their usefulness, he may safely allow them a fair margin for returns. At least, he need not force them to pay postage on unsalable matter at a rate four times greater than the rate on matter presumably salable.

OFF COLOR.

"He's a Pessimist. Very widely read."

"That's strange. A Pessimist ought to be very largely blue."

AS ELSEWHERE.

TEACHER.—What regulates the supply of liquor in Maine?
BRIGHT BOY (who reads the newspapers).—The demand.



"OVER THE HILLS TO THE POOR-HOUSE."

One more unfortunate demands admission to the great eleemosynary institution.



POETRY AND PROSE.

MRS. RHYMER stolidly knitting. To her tumultuously enters MELIBOEUS RHYMER, enthusiasm in his eye, excitement in his manner, and a sheet of note-paper in his hand.

RHYMER.—Martha, I've just finished the best poem I've ever done—it's a magnificent piece of work, if I do say so. Conceived idea instantaneously—seemed to form itself outside of my volition—I dashed it off like a flash—and here it is. Listen!

MRS. RHYMER (counting stitches).—'teen, fifteen, sixteen—purl, knit one—

RHYMER (dampened).—Martha!

MRS. RHYMER (still counting).—Two, three, four, purl—do keep quiet, you'll put me out—knit one, two, three—that's it. 'Boeus, I shall want two more skeins of this to finish—red, remember; and you'd better get it at Galloon's, third counter on the right; and be sure not to buy it of the girl with a mole on her nose—she's partly color-blind.

RHYMER (shrugging shoulders).—Ugh!

MRS. RHYMER (looking up for first time).—So you're through? Did you think to cork the ink-bottle?

RHYMER (obstinately).—I've got a poem here—a poem, poem, poem!

MRS. RHYMER.—Oh! How long is it?

RHYMER (sullenly).—Long?

MRS. RHYMER (thoughtfully).—Yes. The last one was a little too short, you know. If there'd been one stanza and a half more it'd have exactly paid for baby's cough medicine. You ought always to write them of five-dollar length, whether or no. That's why I never liked your sonnets—it takes three and a quarter of them to make five dollars, including stamps.

RHYMER (fiercely).—Martha, do you want to hear this poem?

MRS. RHYMER.—Why, of course. I'm all ready—twenty-four, twenty-five, narrow, twenty-six, 'ty-seven, purl—and I wish you'd—'ty-eight, thread over one, purl—do three more this week, so that if you can't get anybody to buy this one, you won't—knit one, two, three—lose your time.

RHYMER (oblivious and regaining ardor, reads):

"Oh, loneliest thou—"

MRS. RHYMER (starting).—There, I knew I'd forgotten something important! We've not more than coffee enough for breakfast, and you must order four pounds Rio and Java mixed. You might make a memorandum on the margin of the poem.

RHYMER (tragically).—Memorandum! Coffee! Margin of the poem!

MRS. RHYMER (innocently).—Yes. Rio and Java mixed, four pounds.

RHYMER (choking).—Heavens and earth! (Reads):

"Oh, loneliest thou—"

MRS. RHYMER.—Wait a moment, 'Boeus—eight, nine, ten, eleven. Go on, now—only don't shout and disturb little 'Boczy, as you did when you made me get up at two o'clock in the morning to hear "Leonidas to the Lacedaemonians"—purl, sixteen, seventeen—which you did n't sell, after all, you know—nineteen, twenty, narrow.

RHYMER (repressing his feelings, reads):

"Oh, loneliest thou of lonely things, my heart—"

MRS. RHYMER (critically).—Seems to me I've heard that somewhere before.

RHYMER (wild at once).—Heard it before? Impossible!

MRS. RHYMER (indifferently).—Well, never mind—I dare say the magazine people won't notice it.

RHYMER (groaning).—Yah! (Continuing):

"Oh, loneliest thou of lonely things, my heart,
'Twill present griefs anear and past joys far
Yawns a great gulf—"

MRS. RHYMER (interrupting).—That last's in the Bible—the minister read it two Sundays ago.

RHYMER (irritated).—Martha Rhymer, you're enough to drive a man howling crazy!

MRS. RHYMER (serenely).—But it is in the Bible, you know, 'Boeus.

RHYMER (plunging ahead):

"—gulf of woe that sets apart
The times that are not from the times that are,
And makes the piled-up years a—"

MRS. RHYMER (abruptly).—Give me that jacket the first thing to-morrow morning, mind. There's a rip under the arm that's letting all the wadding out.

RHYMER (maddened).—I swear I won't read another word!

MRS. RHYMER (easily).—Oh, yes, do. I don't mind listening a bit.

RHYMER (attempting sarcasm).—Ah! Don't mind listening! In-deed!

MRS. RHYMER (impervious).—No; truly I don't. Read as much as you like—it does n't bother me very much—thirty-seven, thirty-eight, narrow, knit one—if you only won't roar when you get to the strong passages.

RHYMER (sneering).—Perhaps there won't be any strong passages.

MRS. RHYMER.—Very likely. You know that's what the Aeon said when it sent back "The Murder of the Marigolds."

RHYMER (desperately resuming):

"—piled-up years a prison bar,
Bespiked with sharp remorse. Yes; thou art
A—"

MRS. RHYMER.—You ought to have that front tooth seen to, 'Boeus. When you twist your mouth about so in reading, it looks to me as if it was loose. To-morrow you must—

RHYMER (persisting):

"A weary wanderer—"

MRS. RHYMER (with animation).—Wanderer! Oh, that reminds me! A man came here this afternoon, who said he represented the Home for Wanderers, and he said he wanted a subscription, and I said I'd consult you, and he said—

RHYMER (despairing).—Great Scott!

MRS. RHYMER.—No; that was n't it at all. He said he'd—

RHYMER (dashing down MS.).—Oh, this is simply unendurable!

MRS. RHYMER.—Why, no, 'Boeus, I should n't call it that—I've endured it well enough; but it seems dreadfully short—not even sonnet length—and I don't believe they'll pay you more than fifty ce—

RHYMER (in a distracted state).—Oh, why did I ever write? Oh, why did I ever marry? Oh, why was I ever born? Oh! Oh! Oh!

MRS. RHYMER (counting).—Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, purl, knit one, cast off!

Manley H. Pike.

ON HOUSEHOLD MOTTOS.



HYKE, BE YOU a-takin' to puttin' up them there mottors?" inquired the man who never went home, eying the spatter-work sign, "Peace and Prosperity!" which Mr. Hyke had newly hung behind the bar.

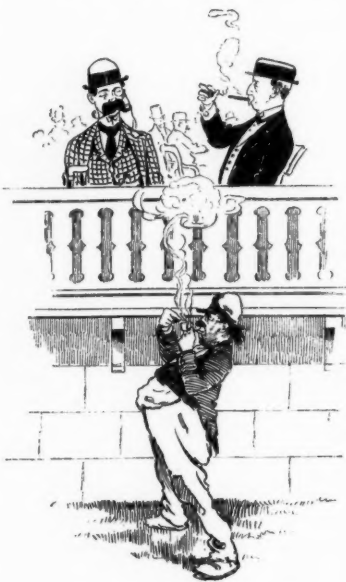
"Wal, now, it's amazin' how fashions will git hold! They ain't a house you go into, nor a store, neither, but what the Golden Rule or the Commandments is starin' you in the face from somewheres. Are the community livin' up to 'em any better 'n' they used to, think? It seems to me, Hyke, more like they're kinder sneakin' out of it in this way, like the feller that writ his pra'rs onto a shingle so's he could point to 'em cold nights, 'n' say: 'them's my sentiments!' instid of gittin' to his knees. I've notice the more people ain't livin' up to a mottor, the more it's bound to be stuck up over the chimbley piece. When you go into a house, 'n' set down 'n' read: 'God Bless Our Home!' you kin take big odds it's as bad in need of blessin' as it ever bin of white washin'. 'N' 'Love Yer Enemies!' Why, bless ye, old Squire Skinnam, he's got one of 'em up over his writin' desk, 'n' five lawsuits a goin' on with his neighbors. 'Love Yer Enemies!' My goodness! that do seem the onlikeliest of 'em all; now, don't it? If the mottor said: 'Leave Your Enemies Live; Don't Take 'Em By The Neck 'n' Choke The Life Out of 'Em!' you mought say that were bad enough to tackle; but love 'em? We find it blame hard enough to love our near relations. I don't see where our enemies is goin' to git the ghost of a show. 'N' 'Peace 'n' Prosperity!' hangin' behind a bar counter! Ain't *that* redeck'lous? Still, it got more bizness hangin' BEHIND the bar, that's so, than it hev in front of it. If there's any peace 'n' prosperity goin', they ain't lavishin' themselves on the fellers in front. The man behin' hes got the best look out, in *that* direction."

"Well, now, you bin standin' up to that bar, off 'n' on, a good many years," retorted Hyke, in an injured tone. "I don't see as Peace 'n' Prosperity has neglected you so awful bad."

"Were it standin' up to the bar that fetched 'em—think? Why, man, the two dolla's, or four, or ten, or whatever it mought be, that are comin' to me every week from the business my wife attend to, 'n' that I kin spend as I please, would frequentin' here ever brung it into my pocket? It fetch it out, fast enough, as my wife often say to me. 'If the females of this town,' she often make the remark,

"Now, Jack, I'm going to enjoy one of those Perfectos."

PAYING THE PIPER.



"Now, Jack, I'm going to enjoy one of those Perfectos."

HOPE DEFERRED.

YOUNG BUTT (*who has just proposed*). — If you can not answer me now, dear Miss Archer, I am willing to wait —
MISS ARCHER. — So am I. Make it four years.

"were wimmin sech as wimmin were intend to be, that feller Hyke, 'n' others resemblin' him, would be heaved in duck ponds 'n' rid on rails.' It's astonishin' what sound judgement my wife kin sometimes express! I'm jest a-thinkin' if she could on'y see that sign up there: 'Peace 'n' Prosperity!' blame to gracious if I don't think 'she grab onto the poker 'n' ornament that mottor."

But a voice from the porch, conveying the intelligence that Joe Barnes's team was comin' down the road — them team he blew about, Saturday — caused the man who never went home to leave unfinished his chapter on mottos, and proceed leisurely to the door, where he leaned to view the approaching quadrupeds with the air of a critic who is disposed to be lenient, but who fears that conscience will compel him to be just.

Madeline S. Bridges.

THE FREAK SOLILOQUIZES.

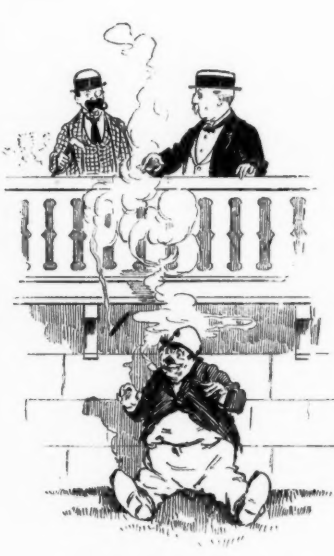
I SIT UPON the platform here,
And gaping crowds say: "Oh, how funny!"
The freaks I see, who gaze on me,
Get nothing, while I rake in money.



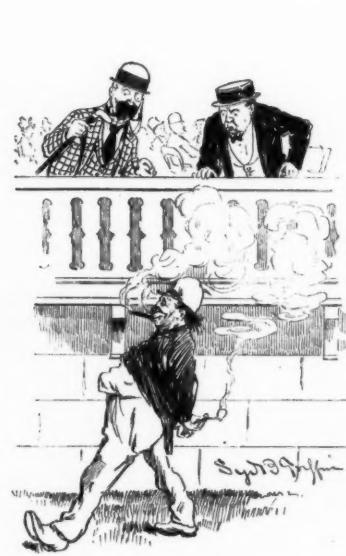
"Say, me boy, that Perfecto smells like a ship-yard afire."



"T is rank, is n't it?"



"There's another quarter thrown away!"

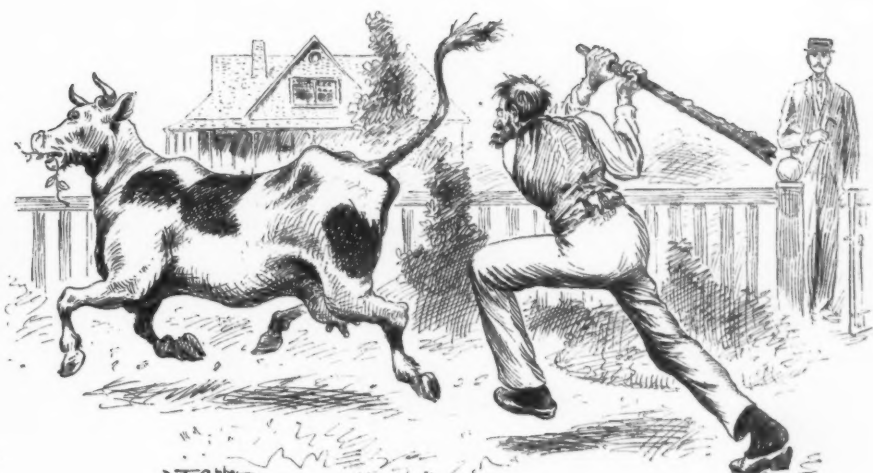


"Say, Jack, we wronged that cigar."

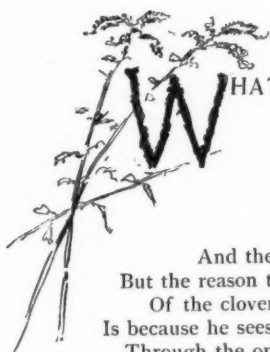
A HITCH IN THE PROGRAMME.



SUBURBAN RESIDENT (*inviting friend*).
—I shall expect you on the early train, old fellow, and I'll show you what the calm repose and peaceful quiet of the country is like.



(Just before his friend's arrival, however, a neighbor's cow got into his yard, and "the calm repose and peaceful quiet of the country" appeared to be something like the above.)



WHAT THE POET THINKS HE THINKS.

FULL OFT the poet sings,
In the sky on happy wings,
Of the beauties of his golden long ago;
About the endless joy
Of the happy barefoot boy,

And the farmstead where the roses used to blow.
But the reason that the poet feels the rare and fragrant charm
Of the clover-scented meadow, with its locust rat-tat-tat,
Is because he sees the beauties of the sweet secluded farm
Through the optics of the comfort of his heaven-scraping flat.

The fun of tossing hay
On a pleasant sunny day
He depicts with silken pillows 'round his brow;
And in an easy chair
Sings of rural zephyrs rare,
While he thinks he'd like to milk the kicking cow.
But he has no time for haying, and the zephyrs that he knows
By the river o'er the roof-tops is successfully dispensed,
And he would n't milk a Jersey, though the only milk that flows
For his use the grocer furnishes each rosy morn — condensed.

Though jolly after school
Swimming 'round the stagnant pool,
It is better in the crystal Turkish bath;
The roses are as sweet
For a cent upon the street,
As the specimens that flourish on a lath.
Oh, the farm is very lovely when you see it in a dream,
From the little flat an income makes delightful and secure!
Though no elevator greets you, and there is no heat by steam,
And the ice-box and piano are one piece of furniture.

The babbling silver spring
Is a most refreshing thing
When the lily on its bosom softly blows
This the poet ever feels
As he gaily rests his heels
On the sofa, and the Pilsener richly flows.
Oh, the country of one's childhood is with beauty lush and ripe,
It is bright with lovely flowers that in fragrance wave and sigh,
But the time to fully feel it's when you smoke your brier pipe
In a comfortable flat, although it's almost in the sky.

R. K. M.

THE SPARTANS were trained to steal, and to wear the same clothing in Winter and Summer. They would have made pretty good nineteenth-century tramps.

AN EXPRESSIVE NAME FOR A HORSE.

BROWN.—What's the name of that colt?

JONES.—Ten-dollar Bill.

BROWN.—That's no kind of a name for a horse. What did you call him that for?

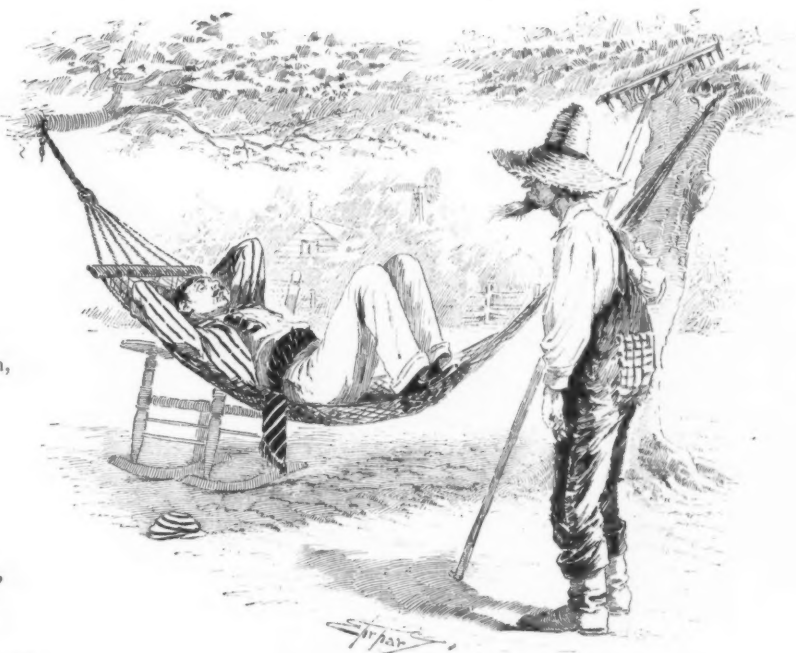
JONES.—Because, dear boy, he'll go so fast when he's broken.

A PLAUSIBLE REASON.

JONES.—I've always wondered why they called that institution the "Chemical Bank."

SMITH.—Probably because the stock sells at drug-store prices.

SO MUCH BUNTING is called for on the Fourth of July that the goat ought to be our national bird.



AS MUCH AS HE COULD EXPECT.

FARMER RAKE (*indignantly*).—Say, Bill, can't you do any thin' all day but swing in that hammock?

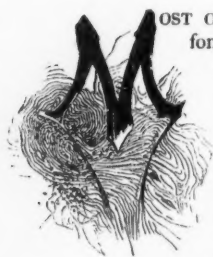
YOUNG RAKE (*home from college*).—Oh, dear, yes! I can get in it, and I can get out of it!



GETTING IN ON HIM.

GRAND STREET DRY-GOODS NABOB (*who fails to recognize his sales-girl in her street dress*).—Won't you have my seat, Madam?
THE SALES-GIRL.—No; keep it, and give me one at the store for an hour or two, to-morrow.

ILLUSIONS.



MOST OF US are subject to illusions, and, generally speaking, we are fond of them. If we were not, life would lose much of its charm, and our theatres and stock exchanges could not exist.

When a man has spent a good part of his life chasing illusions, and is finally rewarded by striking something solid and substantial, we should feel glad for him. This was the case with Biggs. "At last," cried Biggs, joyfully, "I've found something in Wall Street that there's money in."

"Have you?" said Boggs. "What is it?"

"The Sub-treasury," answered Biggs.

I knew a young man who received a salary of \$1,500 a year and lived on \$1,000, besides which he spent, say \$500 for extras, which he did n't count. Said he, "I'll get married. There'll be only two of us, and we can live on \$1,500 easy enough."

After the first year he said this was an illusion in two ways. They had n't lived on \$1,500, and there were more than two of them.

The fondness of the majority of people for illusions is perhaps best shown in the theatre, where you may see a vast audience, hushed, and in a terrible agony of suspense, while a lady on the stage, who has been fearfully wronged that evening, deliberately swallows the wind out of an empty vial, assumes a lying posture, and plays dead.

It is said that an acquaintance with actors, and experience behind the scenes, robs the stage of its illusions somewhat.

I have a friend whose personal acquaintance with actors has been quite extensive. One evening, when we were attending a performance together, a gentleman on the stage, who wore red clothes, and was energetic and jerky, cried out that he was the sole and undisputed possessor of a kingdom. "Damim!" said my friend, quietly, "he does n't possess the right of way over an Irishman and a hand car."

This actor was Dick St. Deth, who sometimes plays Richard V. After the performance he plays the V alone, loses it, and remains Richard without a V until he has more good luck.

My friend says a great actor like this Dick St. Deth reminds him of a hawk. He soars high, but he'll come down to earth very abruptly for a square meal. Then, again, like the hawk, he depends for his living upon those who are most easily carried away.

My friend spoke of a curious case the other day. He says Mr. and Mrs. Program have been acting together for ten years; they have never had a falling out or the least misunderstanding in all that time, and yet they kiss and make up six or eight times a week right along.

Speaking of stage illusions, I might mention the case of the man who

was quite sure he saw some snakes when there was n't a single snake anywhere around. Pray, don't ask me what this has to do with the stage, for, if you do, I shall say the man had reached the last stage of jim tremens.

Morris Waite.

AN ARISTOCRATIC LOCALITY.

MR. CH. ICAGO.—Say, Bub, can you tell me where Washington Square is?

BROADWAY BOOTBLACK.—Oh, dat's where de dagos shines yer up for two cents!

SURE ENOUGH, HE HAD IT.

'T was on the cheek I kissed her—

She made resistance weak;

But murmured as she felt my lips:

"Well, I think you have the cheek!"

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM NATURE.

MR. THEO. REA (*the accountant*).—There, now; I think my system is absolutely perfect. There is n't a crack or a flaw in it.

MR. BEN THARR.—There is n't in an egg-shell, Teddy; but you can open one easier than you can an oyster!

NASCITUR NON FIT.

"You'll have to follow the Scriptural advice if you want to be a poet."

"What advice is that?"

"You'll have to be born again."

PHILADELPHIA WET-WEATHER SIGN.

MISS CHESTNUT.—I guess it is true that Postmaster General Wanamaker is going to mitigate his temperance views, so to speak, and have wine on his table hereafter.

MRS. FILBERT.—I don't believe he will. He is n't that kind of a man.

MISS CHESTNUT.—May be so; but just the same, I bought a new patent corkscrew on the bargain counter to-day.

"THAT POLITICIAN is a rascal, and I'm going to tell him so to his face."

"You'll have to go on both sides of him, then."

REED'S OBJECT in banishing the bar of the House restaurant is probably to encourage the Maine custom of carrying pocket-flasks among the Congressmen.



ESCAPED FROM THE PILLORY.

MRS. BROADBENT.—Have you felt slippers, young man?

VERY YOUNG SALESMAN.—Not since I've been boardin' away from home, Marm.

EMBRACING AN OPPORTUNITY.



UNCLE JEDEDIAH CLAMPIT (at the magical performance).—What yer goin' t' do?

PROFESSOR GIUGAU.—I won't hurt you; but there seems to be something down the back of your coat. Just lean forward.



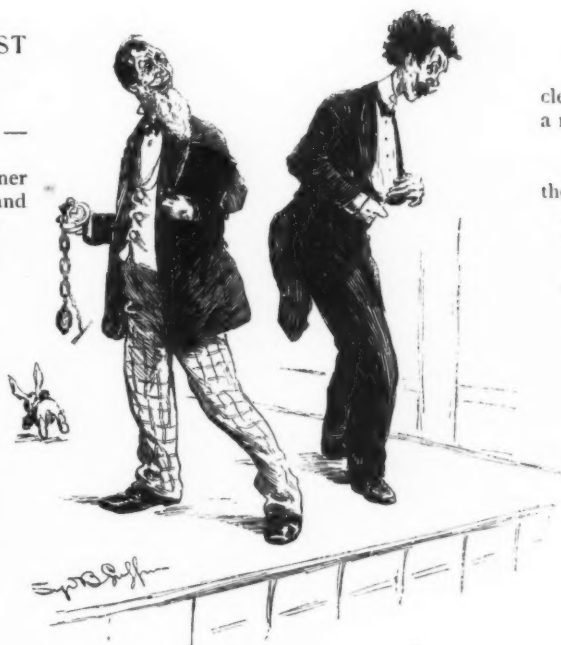
—Here we are!
UNCLE JEDEDIAH.—Blest 't I knowed that feller was in there. Well, that 's great, ain't it?

A LETTER FROM AN OLD WEST POINTER TO A YOUNG ONE.

MR. GEO. YURLIN, 3d Class, U. S. M. A. —
Dear George:

I note in your letter that you are now gunner of your detachment at light artillery drill, and that you hope this may be auspicious of your rising in your profession. But you can rise just as much, if not more, in the position of sponger and rammer. I was once sponger and rammer, and rushed in to sponge the sparks out of a twelve-pounder which did not need it, as it had not been discharged up to that moment—I am speaking now of the opportunity of rising—and the gun being fired off just as I arrived abreast the muzzle, I rose three feet in the air. The concussion made me so deaf that I could not hear. Nevermore, I thought, shall I hear the green grass or the beautiful blue sky. I remember the circumstance particularly well, because I went to a hop that night, and could not hear the music. It was very exasperating, as I had a critical partner who desired me to keep time; but after a while I got the orchestra leader to pin the score to the wall so that I could dance by sight. Happy idea, was n't it? And I did some very accurate work; but, of course, a man who dances by note that way has every advantage over a person who has to dance solely by ear. I hope that after your graduation you will have no such story as this to tell, as I should hate to find you a liar.

Williston Fish.



—Ef you 're all through with me I will go home an' tell th' folks how wonderful smart you be. What time is it, friend?

ANOTHER BIG SCHEME BUSTED.

"Con," said Mr. Ketchum to his confidential clerk, "do you know what paper first kicked up a rumpus about those census questions?"

"I believe it was the *Sun*," said Con.

"Put it on our black list; never advertise in the miserable sheet again. Do you hear, sir? *Never!* Just read over that circular you got up to send to census enumerators, will you?"

"Yee, sir. 'Dear Sir: When you have completed your duties as census enumerator, please write to us, and we will make you a flattering offer. We wish you to act as agent for our *Dead Sure Remedies*. Warranted to cure every disease on your list. Yours truly, Ketchum and Killam.'"

"Tear it up," said Mr. Ketchum, as he kicked the cat against the office partition.

NO ARGUMENT NECESSARY.

PRISONER.—I don't think there will be any need of your addressing the jury.

LAWYER.—Why not?

PRISONER.—My insanity will be instantly plain to them when they see that I have retained you to conduct my case.

THERE 'S MONEY IN FADDERY.

"What is your ambition? To be a poet?"

"Not a bit of it. Poetry does n't pay. I want to become a Fad."

CORRECT.

TEACHER.—Bobby, what does lazy mean?

BOBBY.—Lazy means always to want your little sister to get it for you.

A SHORTCAKE MUST, indeed, be short when it can't raise the wherewith to berry itself decently.

CLOCKWORK—Day Labor.

EXEMPT FROM PUBLIC HAUNT—
The Art Museums on Sunday.

AN ANSWER FOR AN ANXIOUS ONE.

JOHN SMITH.—If the gentleman writing over that name from Boston to the Editor of PUCK, on June 12th, will send his address to this office, he will hear of something to our advantage.

OTHERWISE ENGAGED.

TRAMP.—Will that dog bite?

FARMER.—Yes; but I can't spare him now. You'll have to go somewhere else. I want him to keep the hens out of the garden.

GROUP OF JOKES (knocking at door of HUMORIST'S sanctum).—Let us in.

HUMORIST (eagerly).—Who are you?

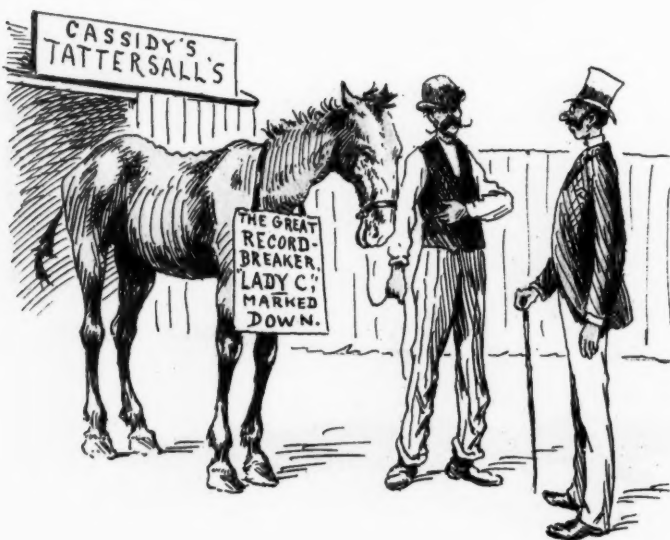
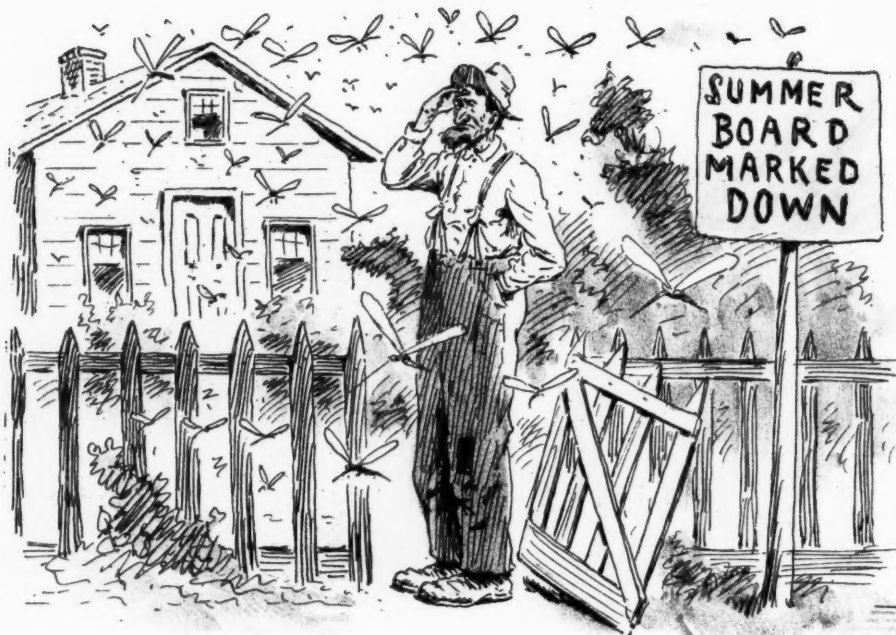
CHORUS.—We are jokes about the rise in the price of ice.

HUMORIST (fiercely).—Go away, go away! That 's no joke; it's a crime!

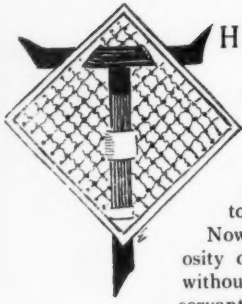


AN ILLUSTRATED PROVERB

"Patience on a Monument."







THE BARMECIDE FEAST.

ONE EVENING, while Schacabac was walking sadly home from Guttenberg, where he had spent the afternoon and everything else he possessed, he beheld a superb mansion of the modern colonial New Jersey style of architecture, and, on asking to whom it belonged, was told that it was the home of a Barmecide.

Now, Schacabac had often heard of the hospitality and generosity of the Barmecides, and therefore he approached the door without hesitation, and asked if the Boss were at home. The servant bade him enter a large apartment, in which he found a man of benevolent aspect seated on a sofa, and he knew at once that he was a Barmecide.

The stranger received a cordial welcome, and, in response to the questions of his host, said:

"My lord, I am a poor man, who stands in need of help to-day. I have not eaten a bit since morning, with the exception of a ham sandwich that I purchased at the track. I have been unfortunate, also, this day in other respects. In short, my lord, you see before you a man who went forth from his home this morning filled with the high and holy purpose of picking winners at the Guttenberg track, and has gone broke in consequence of his overweening ambition."

"If that be the case," quoth the Barmecide, "you must sit down and eat with me." He led the way to the dining-room, and they seated themselves at an extension-table from which the middle leaves had been removed, leaving a yawning cavity between the two ends. The Barmecide explained that the table was part of a set of cottage furniture that he had purchased at a mark-down sale. "And," he explained, "he could not put the leaves in, because it had got stuck."

"I see," said the stranger, "that it matches you in that regard, even as this yawning cavity matches the condition of my stomach."

"I perceive that you are a man of jest," replied the Barmecide, as he clapped his hands, exclaiming: "Ho! boy, bring us blue points on the deep. Well, I am funny myself at times," he added, pensively.

Then, although no servant appeared, he made as though he were eating oysters, and said:

"How do you like these blue points, good friend?"

"They are, indeed, excellent," replied the guest; "but I am sorry they are on the deep. I prefer them on shore, because it is easier to get at them."

The Barmecide clapped his hands, and called aloud for the next dish.

"This soup is excellent," he remarked a moment later, as he fell to with apparent gusto.

"It is, indeed," replied the other; "but the proper way to enjoy its full flavor is to allow it to trickle freely through your whiskers. I have frequently partaken of it in that fashion on race days."

The next course consisted of fish; but, as it was not Friday, Schacabac said he would not "queer his luck" by partaking of it. Then an entrée was brought on, which the Barmecide said was a *vol au vent*. The stranger ate it, but observed that, to his taste, there was too much *vent* in it and not enough *vol*.

"Now for the roast!" cried the Barmecide.

"It seems to me that this whole scheme is something of a roast," observed his guest, sadly; "but—excuse me for mentioning it—have you not observed that this varied and prodigal repast produces a terrible dryness of the throat?"

"You are right, I will open a bottle," was the rejoinder. "Here, menial, a quart of Mumm's Extra Dry!"

He pretended to pour the wine out into a glass, and hold it up to the light.

"It is a good wine, though rather dry," he remarked.

"For my own part," said his guest, "I prefer Mumm's Extra Wet, when I can get it."

"We will have a bottle with our dessert," said the Barmecide, and forthwith he commanded the invisible attendant to bring in the Chicago pudding. This dish, which was served with World's Fair sauce, proved even lighter than any thing else they had partaken of, and led to the remark,

on the part of the stranger, that he should think a steady diet of the sort affected by his host ought to be a sure cure for dyspepsia.

"If the pudding is too frothy, we will have roly-poly, instead," said the Barmecide, clapping his hands together. "It is very nice," he continued a moment later, as he pretended to eat; "I generally eat it with gammon and spinach; but the cook tells me we are entirely out of spinach—"

"Which accounts for its being all gammon," interrupted Schacabac.

"Precisely," said the host, with a formal bow;

"but let me offer you another glass of wine."

"Really, this wine is so strong that I don't know what I am about," cried the stranger, leaping to his feet, and performing a sudden and astonishing dance. "Your hospitality has been so generous, good sir, that I am loaded."

With that he seized his host by the beard, pressed his head down into the vacant space of the extension-table, and then climbed gayly on his back, when he recited the following verses:

"Great is Allah, and wondrous are the deeds of his prophet!
Oft have I dallied with the fried wind of the fifty-cent table d'hôte,
But never have I felt more like a balloon than I do this day, O Barmecide!

And then the Barmecide said to him:

"I see, good friend, that you know full well how to appreciate a jest. Resume your seat at the table, and I will put the leaves in and order a repast suitable to the occasion."

The Barmecide not only kept his word, but afterward, in the fullness of his heart, he lent his guest fifty cases, with which to play Clothes-rack, straight and place, at Clifton the next day. And in this manner did Schacabac recoup his shattered fortunes.

J. L. Ford.



MIXED CHRONOLOGY.

JIMMY.—How old are you now, Tommy?

TOMMY.—I dunno; on the railroad I'm always under twelve, but when dad hired our flat, I was fifteen!



LOVE IS BLIND.

MR. INFIRIT.—Miss Chanse, I love you! Will you be my wife?

MISS CHANSE.—I am sorry Mr. Infrit, but—but—I am somewhat fastidious in my choice.

MR. INFIRIT.—Oh, but I am not!

DESCRIBED.

"Have you seen Cleopatra's mummy?"

"Yes."

"Is it really beautiful?"

"Well, that depends on what you call beautiful. Did you ever see a dried apple?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's Cleopatra's mummy on a small scale."

MAN, THE MONSTER!

She had beauty, she had wealth,
She had culture and "position;"
But a spinster lone she still is,
Because she also had "a mission."

AN AUTHORITY ON IT.

"I hear Ward McAllister is writing a book."

"Yes."

"Is he capable of doing it well?"

"Oh, my, yes! He is a man of irreproachable style."

[F FORTY-TWO STATES, lying in one group, can practice free-trade for generations among themselves and prosper, the fact furnishes at least one reason for believing that there is some virtue in tariff reduction.

THE LITERARY MOVEMENT IN CHICAGO.

THE CITY DIRECTORY is out, and copies of the edition de luxe for the parlor table are much sought after by persons of taste.

SOME OF THE latest price-lists of packed beef are models of the typographer's art.

IT MAY BE mentioned, as a gratifying illustration of the spread of literary taste, that more policies were written last month than during any month since the great fire.



"LARD, AND HOW to Render It," by Cotton C. Doyle, is a recent useful volume. The work is enriched with a poetic preface by Miss Laker, secretary of the Bongtong Bibliophilic Association.

MR. ERASTUS LIVEWAYTE'S literary labors keep him at his office until late every night. He is treasurer of the World's Fair Fund, and is writing letters to subscribers, requesting them to pay up their subscriptions.

A NEW POEM by Miss Euterpe Centralia, of Wabash Avenue, entitled, "Sweets to the Sweet; or, Thoughts on Seeing a Young Girl Eat a Slice of Sugar-cured Ham," is highly spoken of by literary critics.

MAYOR CREGIER shows his love for literature by refusing to suppress book-makers at the request of some enterprising citizens.

THE PROPOSAL of Count Herbert Bismarck, that America protect the copyright of German books imported to this country, in return for the admission of United States pork products into Germany, has been aptly characterized by Mr. R. W. Emerson Redheffer, of the Chicago Literary Club, as a fitting reciprocity in the products of the pen.

Wm. H. Siviter.

A WINDING WAY.

After being dined and wined,
Old Martel is homeward bound.
By the tracks he leaves behind,
One would think he had been wound!

OPINION FROM A ONE-NIGHT STAND.

LARRY ATTE (*of Devil's Gulch, coming out of the theatre*).—An' how long has this play been runnin'?

HOFFMAN HOWES.—Over a hundred nights.

LARRY ATTE.—Gosh! I should think you New Yorkers'd have it by heart!



LOOKING AHEAD.

"No, my man, this is not mine. It was a twenty-dollar bill I lost."
"But it was a twenty-dollar bill before I got it changed, Sor."
"What did you get it changed for?"
"Och, sure, so the owner could convayniently reward me, Sor."



PERSISTENT.

MRS. GOODENOUGH.—You're the sixteenth tramp that's been around here to-day, and I can't do any thing for you.

MR. OBADIAH TOOGOOD.—Sorry, Ma'm; but if you'll lemme sleep in the barn over night, I'll be the first tramp ter ax for breakfast ter-morrer.

RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.

WANAMAKER, QUAY & COMPANY,

B. Harrison, Special.

Jacks-of-All-Trades. Virtue or Vice on tap. Sunday-schools and Banks opened at lowest rates. Lessons in Silence for the Loquacious. Sinners converted. Offices bought and sold on commission. Write to us at once. We pay the postage.

WANAMAKER, QUAY & COMPANY,
B. Harrison, Special.

For Sale Cheap.

A large fat Tariff Bill.

Good Old McKinley Stock.

Such an Oppotunity will not Occur Again.

White Elephant Nowhere.

For Sale Cheap.

Apply to

Republican Majority

Finance Committee,

U. S. Senate.

For Sale Cheap.

FOR HIRE: TAMMANY HALL.

COMPLETELY FURNISHED.

LARGE AIRY OFFICES

IN CITY HALL AND

ELSEWHERE.

TAMMANY HALL.

FOR HIRE.

Bargain!

Bargain!

Bargain!

Bargain!

Four Damaged Sachems for Sale

Cheap.

Apply to Wigwag, East 14th St., N. Y.

Bargain!

Bargain!

Bargain!

Bargain!

BLASTED HOPES.

Farewell, farewell! O beard of mine!

In vain my anxious care!

A razor now must quench the life

Of each red-bristling hair.

Thy color I perchance had borne,

For many men have such;

But time now shows thy hidden vice—

This "cowlick" is too much!



PREPARE FOR TRAVELING

DURING THE WARM WEATHER BY OBTAINING
A BOTTLE OF

Ed. Brown's
Ginger
ESTABLISHED 1822. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
U. S. A.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

LOOK OUT FOR THE RED LABEL ADOPTED TO
MEET FRAUDS.

DECKER
BROTHERS'
33 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK
PIANOS



"The Marquis"

A soft hat throughout, combining the Dressy appearance of the stiff hat, with all the comfort of the former. Made up in black, brown and a light color, on the order of a buff or tan, also a dark pearl or grey.

Illustrated circular, prices, etc., of Gentlemen's Hats mailed free on application.

N. ESPENSCHIED, New York City, N. Y.

Established nearly half a century in the same locality.

WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.
Gives Pearly Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath, Delightful Coolness and Freshness to the Mouth, Removes Tartar. 25 cts. Send for book "Care of Teeth" free. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich.

COUNTING THE COST.

WAITER.—Champagne, sir? Yes, sir. Have it iced, sir?

GUEST (*gloomily*).—N-o, I can't afford to have it iced.—*New York Weekly.*

"Dashaway"

CAW'S
"Dashaway"
PEN,
A DOUBLE-FEED
FOUNTAIN PEN
That Never Fails.



CAW'S
Black Fluid
INK,
WRITES BLACK,
STAYS BLACK.
Does Not Corrode
Pens.

CAW'S "STYLOGRAPHIC" PEN.
Simplest, Cheapest and Best. A Perfect Substitute for Pen, Pencil and Ink-stand.

Inquire of any stationer, or send for particulars to
CAW'S INK & PEN COMPANY
104 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TOO FACETIOUS.
EDITH.—It's all over between Jack and me, Penelope.

PENELOPE.—Why, what is the matter?

EDITH.—When I said "Good-morning" to him yesterday, what do you think he asked me?

PENELOPE.—I am sure I don't know, dear.

EDITH.—He wanted to know if I had used somebody's soap—was 'nt it disgusting? He tried to explain it away afterward, but I told him he had said quite enough.—*Art in Advertising.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

SEND HIM A MEDAL.

North Carolina has a negro who can run down a rabbit on any sort of ground, and who has done it repeatedly on a wager; but when he is approached with an offer to come out into the world and become a sprinter, he vigorously shakes his head, and replies:

"No, sah, not any. I'ze dun gwine to lib an honest life."—*Detroit Free Press.*

5th Crop, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 25c.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

MAD IRISHMAN.—Dom these opery glasses! Take 'em back; I don't wan't 'em at all. I be afther looking' at a mad bull a-cavortin', and begorra he tossed me over the fence whin he was half a moil away.

OPTICIAN.—My dear sir, you were looking in the wrong end of the glasses.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

HER IDEA OF IMMORTALITY.

LITTLE GIRL.—Your Papa has only got one leg, has n't he?

VETERAN'S LITTLE GIRL.—Yes.

L. G.—Where is his other one?

V. L. G.—Hush, dear; it's in heaven.—*Boston Courier.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Now, children, what about the flood? What was it called?

"The 'reign of terror,'" responded little Annie.—*Ex.*

MOST ROAD CARTS RATTLE

after a few weeks' use. The Carts made by THE HIGH GRADE ROAD CART CO., COLLIER HILL, O., are fitted with anti-rattle springs. Send for illustrated colored price list and lowest freight rate. 915*

Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher.

ENDORSED BY LEADING DENTISTS.



NON-IRRITATING TO GUMS OR ENAMEL
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

FOR BEAUTY

For comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.

AMY.—Clara, what is the title of your graduation essay?

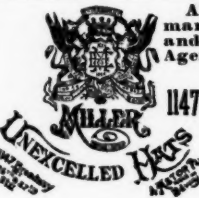
CLARA.—Filial Duty.

"Is it finished?"

"No. I have been so busy helping mother with her household duties, and waiting on father who is sick, that I have n't been able to write a line this week; but I hope to finish it in time for commencement."

(It sometimes happens that way, notwithstanding the jokes of the newspaper humorist.)—*Norristown Herald.*

We recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia, but only the genuine, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siebert & Sons. At druggists.



All hats bearing this trade mark are our own special styles and make. Represented by Agents in all Parts of the U. S.

—RETAIL STORES,—

1147 Broadway & 4 Astor Place,
NEW YORK.

Factory,

77 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER
PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.

CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

SANITAS
Non-Poisonous
Disinfectants

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC CHARITIES AND CORRECTION,
HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL, W. I., NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1898.
In regard to the use of Crude "Sanitas" Fluid, I would say that I have used it diluted to spray the floors of our wards, and found it efficacious in allaying odors and giving a pleasant aroma. I have also used it very acceptably by pouring the crude into the closets connected with the Demarest water closet basin so that the basin is flushed with it at every discharge.

T. M. STRONG, M. D., Chief of Staff.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.
For Reports by Medical and Chemical Experts, prices in bulk, etc., apply to the
Factory, 636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y. 675

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT OF BEEF.

Makes the purest, cheapest and best Beef Tea.

Finest meat flavoring stock for Soups,
Sauces and Made Dishes.

One pound of Extract of Beef equal to forty pounds of lean beef, of the value of about \$7.00.

Genuine only with
Justus von Liebig's
signature as shown.

A SUSPICIOUS LOOK.

"Is Jones a prohibitionist?"

"I guess so. It is only after dark that the beer wagon visits his house."—*Boston Courier.*

Our Reputation is Established for Tasty Workmanship
and Novel Ideas.

The Largest
and Most
Complete
Stock of New
Spring
Woolens
ever shown.

Suits to
Order
from
\$20.00.

Trousers
to Order
from
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Bowery,
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Nicoll
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and 771
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Samples and self-measurement rules mailed on application.

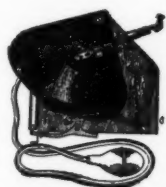
CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

GORMULLY & CO.
JEFFERY Mfg CO.
BICYCLES & TRICYCLES
CHICAGO • BOSTON
CATALOGUE SENT FREE

An agreeable surprise is in store for the readers of this paper. They are requested to watch this space in next week's Puck.



THE T & I SHUTTER.

(Hales' Patent.)

FITS ANY LENS.
CORRECT SKY EXPOSURE.
TIME or INSTANTANEOUS.
FAST or SLOW.
LOW PRICE.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

or PROFESSIONALS will find it does work equal to a \$20 shutter. No danger of accidental exposure; simple, durable, light and positive. Always ready, as it swings both ways.

TWO SIZES—Price the same for either. No. 1 for lens tubes $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$ inch diameter. No. 2 for $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch and under.

Sample by mail, POST-PAID, on receipt of . . . \$2.50
Sample by mail, with pneumatic release, on receipt of . . . \$3.00
Extra Spring for extra rapid work95

J. B. COLT & CO.,

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16 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK CITY.

MAKERS OF

MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONS, ETC.

Mention Puck.

935

IN CAMP

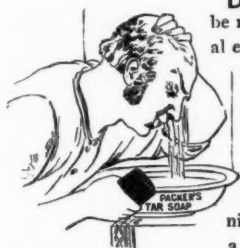
At home, abroad, tramping, yachting, canoeing, hunting or fishing,

Armour's Beef Extract,

Is Indispensable.

Requires only the addition of boiling water to make delicious Bouillon. Refreshing and strengthening. Takes the place of fresh meat and other "Stock" in Soup making. Is cheaper and more convenient.

ARMOUR & CO. Chicago, Sole Manufacturers.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.



"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in **BALDNESS**."

"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-deströying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

It is pure, mild, curative, and the ideal toilet soap. Physicians recommend its use as a preventive of, and remedy for dandruff, itching, baldness, and skin diseases. Invaluable to travelers. 25 cents. All Druggists, or

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., N.Y.
Sample, 10 cents, stamps. Mention Puck.

HENRY M. STANLEY will improve the time between now and his marriage by delivering fifty lectures in America. After marriage Henry will be the audience.—*Buffalo News*.



871

SELF DEFENCE.

COL. YERGER.—Is your clergyman going to take a vacation this Summer?

JUDGE PETERBY.—Yes; we raised a purse for him without any trouble. If we had n't he would have kept right on preaching all through July and August.—*Texas Siftings*.

A NEW VARIETY OF MOONSTONE.

MISS DE STYLES.—What kind of moonstones have you?

JEWELER (puzzled).—Um—ah! What kind do you want?

MISS DE STYLES.—I would like a honeymoon stone.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

NEW KODAKS



"You press the button,
we do the rest."

Seven new Styles and Sizes

ALL LOADED WITH Transparent Films.

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send for Catalogue.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW 1890 MODEL

HAWK-EYE

DETECTIVE CAMERA. VIEW CAMERA. AUTOMATIC CAMERA. MAGAZINE CAMERA. ALL IN ONE.

If not, send at once for the Hawk-Eye Booklet, containing full description. The perfection of Instantaneous Photographic Apparatus. 100 pictures without reloading. Prices \$15 to \$50. See Thos. Stevens' experience with the Hawk-Eye in Africa, on four pages before frontispiece in leading magazines for May. When so desired, we will do the developing and finishing. THE BLAIR CAMERA CO., Manufacturers, also makers of the Celebrated Blair Reversible Back, English Compact, and other Cameras, Lenses and Accessories.

Factories: 471, 473, 475, 477 and 481 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Branches: 208 STATE STREET, Chicago, Ill.; 918 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia, Pa. Also sold by Dealers in Photo. Goods everywhere.

917

SUBURBAN DAYS.

The Summer is here in her beauty arrayed,
And sweet is the breath of the clover;
But it brings little joy to the beautiful maid,
For her nose is freckled all over.—*Boston Courier*.

HIS MOTTO.

LAXET.—How dissipated and generally exhausted poor Fastun looks. I wonder if his life is guided by any motto.

BOXET.—Yes; "Late to bed and early to ryes."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

OLD MAN.—Here, Thomas, get up; it is four o'clock; the birds are all up and a-singing.

THOMAS.—Well, I don't care. If the birds want to make fools of themselves let 'em do it.—*Light*.

The Finest and Best Razor in the World is:



Price, \$2.50.

THE

"FOX"

(5-12 size.)

in $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{5}{8}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{7}{8}$ inch widths.

Full Hollow Ground and Warranted in every respect. Sold by all the leading Cutlery and Hardware dealers; on receipt of price mailed free to any address by the manufacturers.

KOELLER & SCHMITZ CUTLERY CO.,

92 READE ST., NEW YORK.

907*

SUMMER RESORTS.



This Popular and Select Hotel has been opened for the Season of 1890 on Saturday, June 21st.

To its former patrons, and others who desire to investigate its advantages, full particulars and plans will be furnished on application at the Howland Hotel, or at the Albemarle Hotel, Madison Square, New York.

OF JANVIN & WALTER, Prop'r's
Albemarle Hotel, N. Y. HENRY WALTER, Proprietor.

HOTEL KAATERSKILL, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, N. Y.

Season opens June 28.

Rates reduced; \$21 per week and upward.

For information call or address

W. F. PAIGE, HOTEL MARLBOROUGH,
BROADWAY AND 36TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

A SUMMER RESORT—Fanning.—*Peck's Sun*.

Rowland's Odonto

A PURE, FRAGRANT, NON-GRITTY TOOTH POWDER. WHITENS THE TEETH, PREVENTS AND ARRESTS DECAY, HARDENS THE GUMS AND SWEETENS THE BREATH. ASK DRUGGISTS FOR ROWLAND'S ODONTO, OF 20 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

To avoid the evil effects of Tea and Coffee, use constantly VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA, which is STRENGTHENING TO THE NERVES and a refreshing and nourishing beverage.

One trial of VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA will convince every one of its great superiority in strength, flavor and economy.

PURE, SOLUBLE, Delicious. THE FOREMOST COCOA OF EUROPE. THE LEADING COCOA OF AMERICA. Easily Digested — Made Instantly. HIGHEST AWARDS AT THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBITIONS The Original — Take no other.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest. — Largest Sale in the World. — Once Tried, Always Used."



"COLUMBIAS"
HIGHEST GRADE ONLY.

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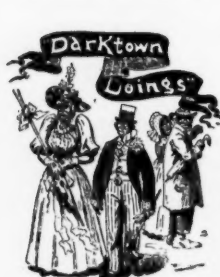
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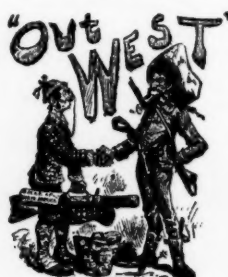
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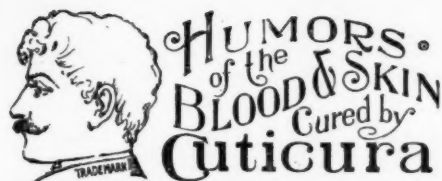
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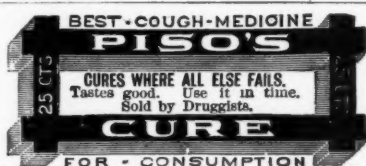
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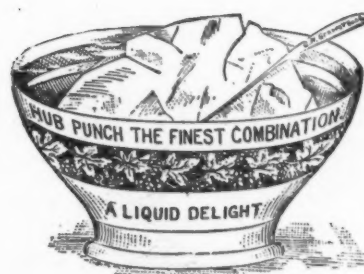
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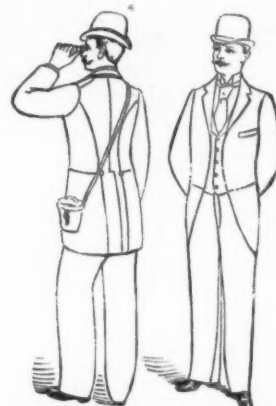


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